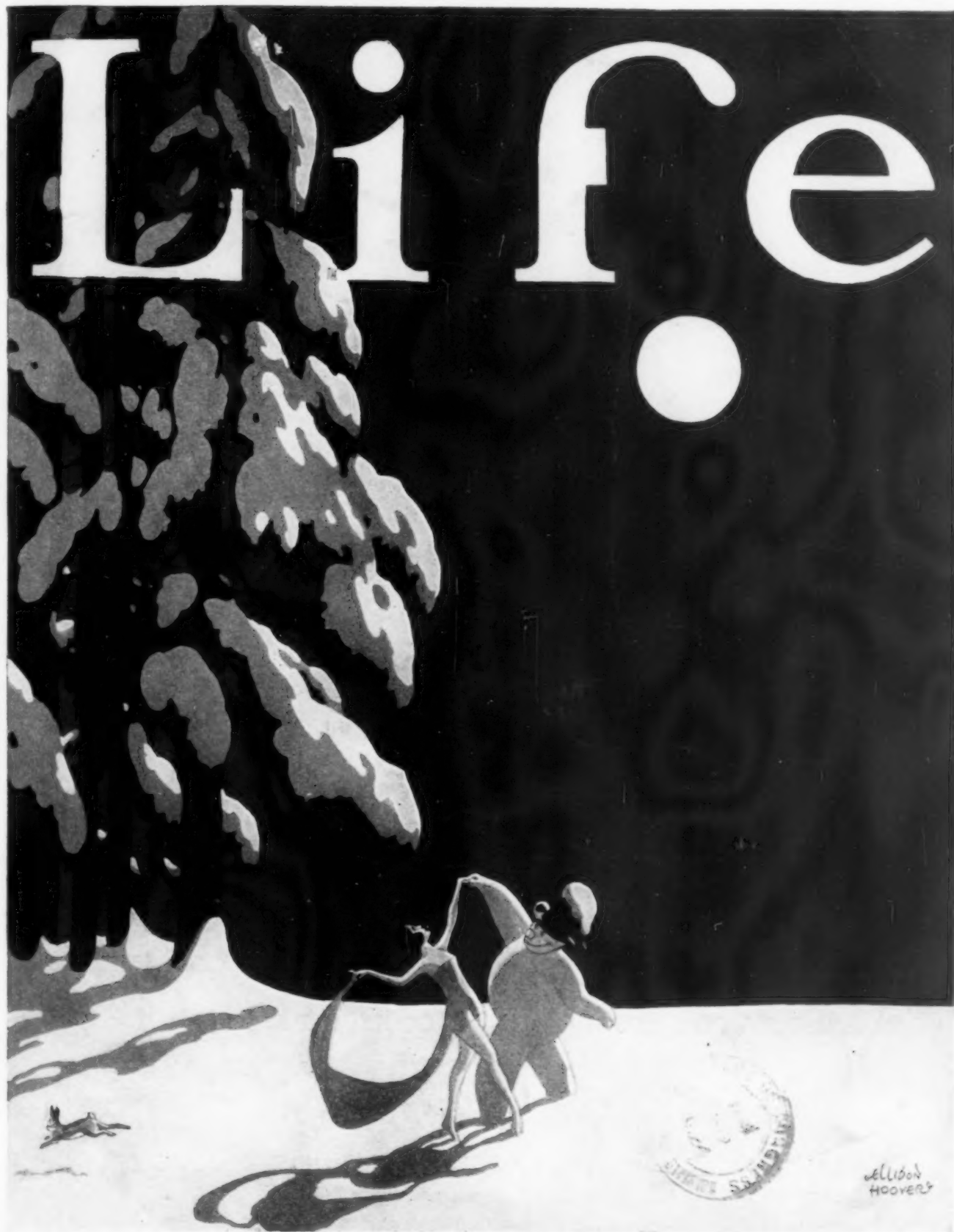


JANUARY 24, 1924

PRICE 15 CENTS



Snow Man's Land



MARMON—A better product for less money has never yet failed to find a ready response from the American buying public. The Marmon with its sixteen new and distinct refinements now sells for \$2785

Price Range, \$2785 to \$4285. All Prices f.o.b. Factory

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • Established 1851 • INDIANAPOLIS






"Just Like London"

Loving pomp and circumstance, every true Londoner points with pride to their stunning Guardsmen.

Do you know that bit of London right in New York—Cruger's? It's a fascinating spot to buy ties, hose, shirtings, etc. that hitherto have been obtainable only in the smarter shops of London. It will interest you to drop in or write.

CRUGER'S
INC.
Eight East Forty-Fifth Street—New York

Just off 5th Ave. and 'round the corner from the Ritz.



AIRS AND GRACES

"I THINK I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY YOU A MONOCLE . . . IT MAKES A PERSON LOOK SO DISTINGUISHED."

—Le Rire (Paris).

Sure Relief



BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION
25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

Envy

Said a wild duck flying
Across an opal sky,
"I wish I was a wooden duck,
Because they never die.
They float all day
As contented as can be,
I'd rather be a decoy
Than a brant like me."

Said a broad-bill decoy,
"I wish that I could fly
Like that fat old brant
Across an opal sky.
He flies all day
As contented as can be,
Oh, I'd rather be a wild duck
Than a wooden one like me!"

Said the old guide, shooting
The wild duck as he spoke,
"I'd rather be a city man
Because they're never broke;
They work in a big town,
Contented as can be,
Oh, I'd rather be a poor shot
Than a guide like me!"

Said the city man, missing
A duck as he spoke,
"I'd like to be a gunner
With an old pipe to smoke;
With nothing on his mind,
He's contented as can be,
Oh, I'd rather be a hunter
Than a city man like me!"

M. C.

LIFE'S Little Candidacies

Men of the Hour, if Everybody Could Be Pleased in a President.

FEODOR O'SHAUGHNESSY should be unopposed for the radical nomination. He is a Russian revolutionist on his mother's side and an Irish Republican poet on his father's. Feodor's views on marriage and the family are above the reproach of the most captious radical. He has refused the proposals of beautiful daughters of capitalists as steadfastly as he has declined to permit commercial managers to debase his plays by producing them. His rooms are reported to be watched by the Department of Justice.

Feodor thinks the Constitution is terrible. It is not that it is so unjust, he explains; it is so horribly middle-class. If he were in power he would tear it up and start over with a new charter, to be drafted by the editors of three rough-paper journals of no advertising. The thing, however, which makes Feodor the perfect candidate for the radicals is that he is not sure about the radical movement itself. Sometimes he thinks he is against that, too. As one of his women admirers said, "The thing in Feodor which makes me quiver is that he is so unalterably and steadfastly untrue."

McC. H.

REEDSDALE Cigarettes Score 99.27%

Hundreds of men, scattered through every state of the Union, Canada, and Hawaii have sent in orders for trial cartons of Reedsdale Cigarettes, while waiting for their local dealers to secure supplies.

Our standing offer on all trial cartons is, "Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them, we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages."

At the date of writing, Dec. 15, the score stands at better than 99 out of a possible 100 for Reedsdale.

That is to say, less than 1% of all the men that have ordered trial cartons, from ocean to ocean and from Canada to Mexico, have availed themselves of the return privilege.

Still, we can't say that you, personally and individually, will like Reedsdale better than the cigarette you are now smoking.

We can only present the evidence, let you see how the odds stand, and again suggest that the Reedsdale is worth trying.

As one enthusiastic friend writes us "the Reedsdale is a cigarette of character, kept straight."

We put character in the Reedsdale by using unusually good tobaccos, carefully blended under expert supervision.

We keep Reedsdales straight, literally, by packing them in a new and improved pocket-container, from which they are easily shaken out as needed, but which meanwhile preserves their original form, and retains their aroma.

If you do like the Reedsdale Cigarette, we are sure you will find your satisfaction doubled by the package.

Every cigarette comes out fresh and perfect. No more bent, mashed or broken tail-enders. The last one is crisp and perfect as the first.

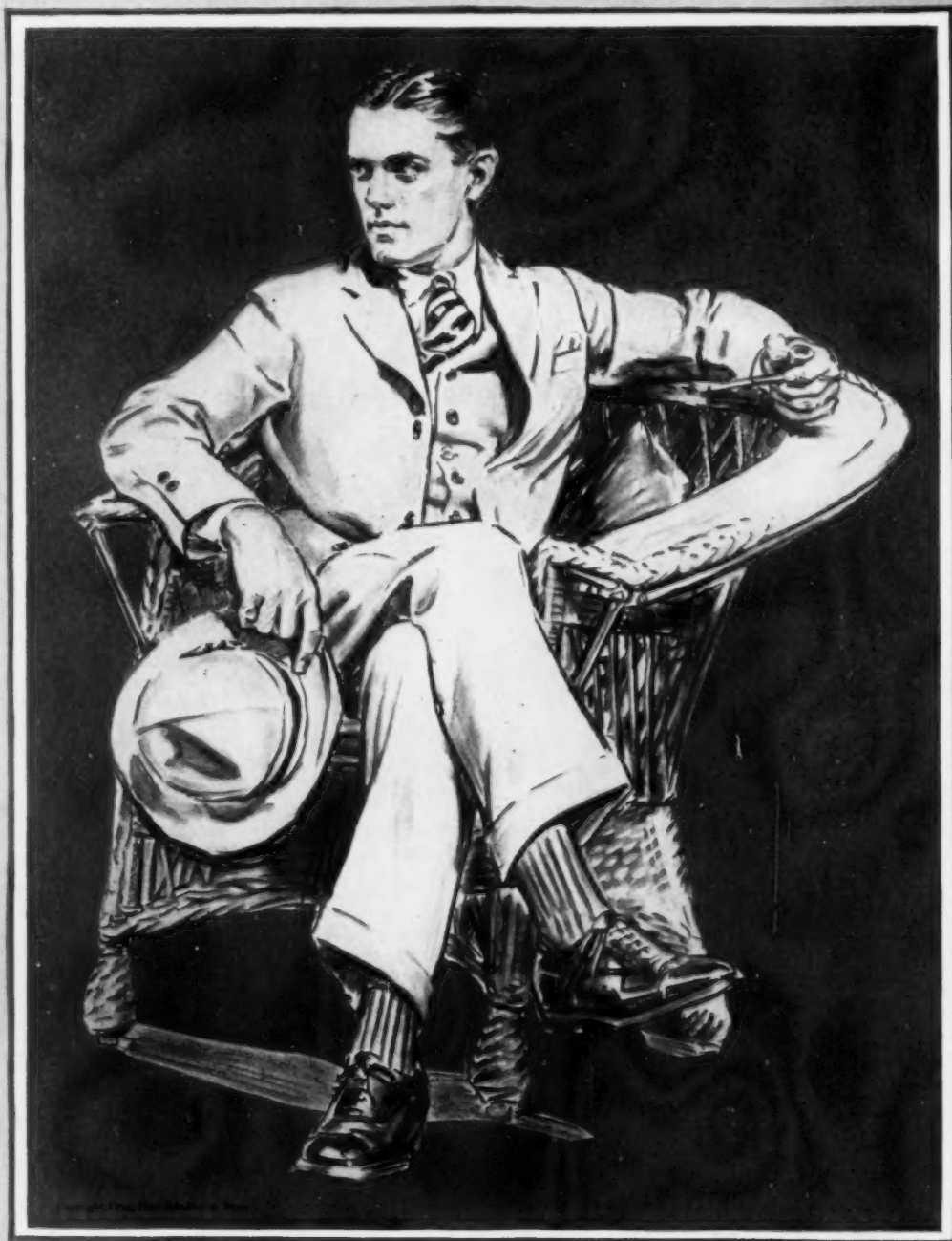
Some smokers, we suspect, have bought the box—and liked the cigarette. Others have bought the cigarette—and liked the box. It's a rule that works both ways.



Reedsdale Cigarettes are 20c for a package of twenty. They are now sold by many tobacco dealers, and their distribution is being rapidly extended.

If you have any difficulty in finding them, we will send you a carton of 5 packages of Reedsdale Cigarettes (100 cigarettes) postpaid for a dollar. Smoke one package at our risk. If you don't like them we will return your dollar for the four remaining packages. Address Reed Tobacco Co., 107 South 21st St., Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Reedsdale Cigarettes, Reed Tobacco Company, Richmond, Va., will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a carton containing one hundred or two hundred Reedsdale Cigarettes for the same price you would pay the jobber,



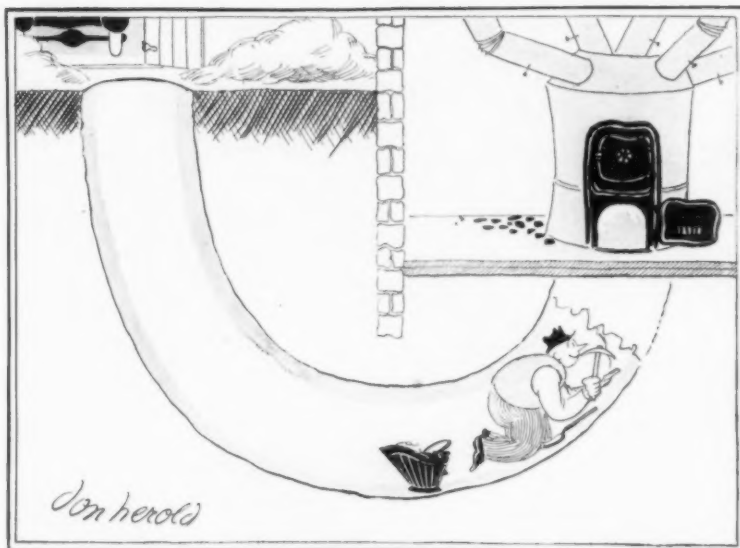
The "air of distinction" isn't easily defined; but it's easily had. Style and good fit are part of it; we make clothes that give both, with finest all wool quality added.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

Life



Gerald: HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU WERE ABROAD?
Julia: THREE HUSBANDS AGO.



Mr. Kleboe's Clinker

No. 4—Mr. Kleboe, who has had a clinker in his furnace since Dec. 12, 1921, decides to tunnel for it (diagram above). He hopes to announce in next week's issue of *LIFE* the dislodgment of the clinker by this underground attack.

The Letters of a Modern Father

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:

I was wrong and I apologize. Your mother said you were at home twice during the mid-term holidays and so your claim is supported. She also said you had promised to spend a night with us during your Easter vacation.

It is almost impossible to believe you will be seventeen your next birthday; but your mother looked it up the other

day and it's true. I appreciate that you are at the age when you are extremely busy and I realize that a father should not make unfair demands upon his children. However, as I have not seen you since Thanksgiving, 1922, I cannot be accused of overdoing it; so if you will let me have an hour or so at Easter I shall be very glad.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE FATHER.



To-day's Child: ALL RIGHT. SPANK ME IF YOU WANT TO, MOTHER, BUT I WARN YOU YOU'LL SIMPLY RUIN MY OEDIPUS COMPLEX!

Life Lines

IT is to be hoped that the winner of Mr. Bok's award will not have to pay a war tax on his peace prize money.

¶

The Amateur Athletic Union has been charged with "boring from within"—an accusation which sounds peculiarly applicable to Congress.

¶

We assume those airplanes the War Department will send to Mexico are the ones it did not send to France.

¶

The man who said that an international telephone service would end war must feel that countries would get along better with one another if they had troubles in common.

¶

If General Leonard Wood intends to run for President again this year, he will have less trouble than he did in 1920. He won't have to go outside the family for his campaign funds.

¶

Wall Street is a place where they permit a lieutenant to carry on major operations.

¶

From *Punch* we learn that the new grapefruit which has been discovered in Ecuador is called "stavanoas." Yes?

¶

The French idea of the millennium is the day when residents of the Ruhr industrial district begin to complain of the smoke nuisance.

¶

It is revealed that a Mrs. Prout, of Connecticut, made the first cigar in America over a hundred years ago. We have yet to learn the identity of the unknown hero who smoked it.

¶

A new device makes it possible to hear insects talk. This should enable the newspapers to publish exclusive interviews with the Presidential bee.

¶

Exhaustive study has revealed that it takes just as long to commute from New Jersey to New York as it did twenty-four years ago. There doesn't seem to be any way to make the old Erie railroad joke stay dead.

¶

An Iowa botanist has discovered fifteen new flowers, which means that there are just that many more ways of saying it.

"Turn Sharp Right at Page Three"

HE handed me her letter proudly. It was written in light blue ink on pale pink paper, and postmarked "Northampton." As I took it out of the envelope it smelled strongly of violets.

"Read it," he glowed. "Just the kind of letter the sweetest girl in the world would write...."

"Look here, old man," I interrupted as I came to the bottom of the page. "Where does the thing go now?"

"Next page," he murmured idly, drumming his finger-tips together in a reverie.

"...because you're such a dear boy to be ideal weather for skating!" I read aloud. "That doesn't seem to make sense."

"Maybe it goes over onto the last page," he suggested dreamily.

"...because you're such a dear boy to be my boudoir table, which hasn't been cleaned for weeks..."

"No, not that," he broke in angrily. "See if it isn't continued back on page three."

"The third page is upside down," I complained, examining the letter. He snatched it irritably.

"...because you're such a dear boy to be torn up in little pieces and thrown away..." He reversed the page angrily.

"Rather tough on you, old chap," I sympathized.

"Starts at the top of this page, I'm sure...no, hold on... this extra page fits in somewhere...only it's written sideways..." He broke off suddenly. "What the devil are you scribbling on that pad?"



THREE UP AND ONE TO GO

I held up the diagram proudly, and showed him a mass of crosses, dotted lines and spiral parabolas. "From page one read catercornered across to page three reversed," I explained, "and then follow the thought in French inside out down the back of the last page but one..." He stared blankly.

"You've given me the idea," I continued brightly. "I'm writing a Guide-Book to Women's Stationery."

Corey Ford.

K. P.

THE long arm of the law seems to be paralyzed." "Oh, I don't know—it still reaches around the cook's waist."



Houswife: HERE'S A NICKEL FOR YOU, AND BY THE WAY, THE LADY NEXT DOOR WANTS SOME ONE TO BEAT HER RUGS.
Tramp: THANKS FER THE WARNIN', LADY.



"OLIVIA, WHERE IS YOUR MOTHER?"
 "STILL SLEEPING, DAD. SHE WORKED SO LATE LAST NIGHT. SHE MADE A LIST OF THE PLAYS WE
 CAN'T GO SOUTH WITHOUT SEEING."

Notice to Presidential Possibilities!

THE Skeptics' Society has announced its plans for the forthcoming presidential year, the members having stated with emphasis that they will select their candidates by themselves—irrespective of race, creed, color or previous political affiliations.

That there may be no doubt concerning their position, the Skeptics have formulated an examination paper for presidential candidates, and are publishing it broadcast this far in advance so that all bidders for their vote may have sufficient warning of the conditions.

The examination is as follows:

Do you ever, in the course of your public addresses, recount "humorous" anecdotes? If so, are these anecdotes ever in dialect? Are they ever new? Are they ever humorous?

Do you intend to eliminate red tape and put the government on an efficient basis? Prove it.

Have your friends and relatives already provided themselves with good, profitable jobs?

Do you believe in Prohibition? Do you practice it?

Do you agree with the Pullman porter that platforms are not used to stand on—they're used to get in on?

How many words do you employ in the effort to reach a given point?

Do you read the Hearst newspapers? If so, which feature impresses you most—the political cartoons, the advice to the love-lorn, the movie reviews, the Brisbane editorials, or "Barney Google"?

Have you a radio set in your home?

Give briefly your frank opinions of the following: Premier Mussolini, the Anti-Saloon League, the Japanese question in California, the Ku Klux Klan, the French occupation of the

Ruhr, Will H. Hays, the Soldiers' Bonus, the Veterans' Bureau.

When you quote the words of Lincoln that "a government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth," have you any idea whatsoever of their significance?

Do you ever admit that any individual, group or institution bores you to death?

It is further announced, by the Skeptics' Society, that the passing mark for all those who take this examination will be exactly one hundred.

Robert E. Sherwood.

Sic Transit!

THE Lion, eager to fulfill his destiny on earth, prepared to lie down with the Lamb.

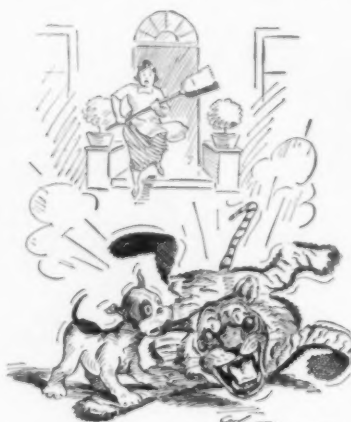
Advancing, ticket in hand, he accosted the traditionally meek one.

"Pardon me," objected the Lamb, "this berth is engaged. You'll have to take the upper."

Thereupon the Lion returned to the smoking car, and the millennium was again indefinitely postponed.

WIFE (shaking him): John, John, wake up. It's time to go to work.

JOHN (turning over): 'Sall right, my dear. 'Sleap year.



"THIS BIRD IS THE WORST COWARD I EVER SAW! I LIKE TO SEE A GUY PUT UP A FIGHT."



Sooky: DO YA WANTA KNOW
HOW TO MAKE FIVE DOLLARS?
ALL YA HAVE TO DO IS SELL A
PIANER FOR A HUNDRED.
Skippy: GEE! CAN YOU IMAGINE!



"SO IT'S PIANERS YE'RE SELLIN'
NOW, IS IT? ONE TIME IT'S SOAP
TO WIN A RADIO 'N' NEXT TIME
IT'S TIN-CINT JEW'LY 'N' AWTY-
GRAF ALBUMS. IT'S A WONDER YA
AIN'T PEDDLED THE BROOKLYN
BRIDGE YET."



Lady: HOW CAN YOU SELL ME
A PIANO IF YOU DON'T KNOW
WHO OWNS IT?

"I KNOW I'M GOIN' TO GET FIVE
DOLLARS WHEN I SELL IT!"

"FROM WHOM?"

"I DON'T KNOW OFF-HAND."
"WELL, FIND OUT MORE ABOUT
THIS PIANO. I NEED ONE."



"DO YA WANTA BUY A PIANER FOR
A HUNDRED DOLLARS, MRS. HART?
I GET FIVE DOLLARS FOR SELLIN'
IT."

"I'M AFRAID NOT, SKIPPY; WE'VE
GOT A ZITHER AND A HARMONICA
AND THAT'S PLENTY."



Skippy: WELL, NOW, MRS. FIN-
GAN, CAN I INTEREST YOU IN AN
ELEGANT PIANER? ONLY A HUN-
DRED DOLLARS. YOU COULD EASILY
MAKE THAT UP IN THREE WASH-
IN'S.

"NO, I GOT A PHONOGRAPH 'N' A
RECORD."



Skippy: QUICK! WHO—WHO—
WHO—WANTS—T-TO—SELL—A—
PIANER—F-FOR—A—H—HUNDRED—
DOLLARS?

Skippy



"DO YA THINK YA COULD USE A
VERY ELEGANT PIANER, MRS. DA-
VIS? ONLY A HUNDRED DOLLARS."
"NO, THANES, SKIPPY, WE DON'T
USE THEM; BESIDES, A HUNDRED
DOLLARS IS A HUNDRED DOLLARS
IN ANY LANGUAGE."

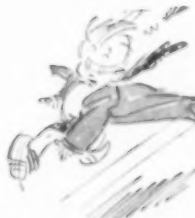


Skippy: 'N' SUCH MUSIC! YA
JUST CLOSE YA EYES 'N' THINK
OF THE MOVIES. ALL FOR A HUN-
DRED DOLLARS.

Lady: WHERE IS THAT PIANO?
"I DON'T KNOW WHERE IS THAT
PIANER NOW."

"WHO WANTS TO SELL IT?"

"I—I DON'T KNOW."



Sooky: OH, I DON'T KNOW THAT!
I JUST HEARD IT OR SOMEONE
TOLD ME OR SOMETHIN'. I DUNNO.



The Wreck of the T. B. M.

IT was a tired business man
In the seat in front of me,
And he hath taken his little daughter
To keep him company.
Blue were her eyes as the sky in May,
And her hair like gold in the sun,
And ever her gentle voice flowed on
Like the brook which is never done.
"What is this place we're stopping at?"
The bright-eyed maiden cried.
"Tis Stamford-town, my angel child,"
The kind-faced man replied.
"And what comes after that?" she said
And oh, her voice was sweet.
"Tis Riverside," he said, "but pray
Don't jump upon the seat."
"And what comes after that, Papa?"
The cherub asked again.
"Tis Cos Cob next," I heard him say,
"Don't lick the window pane."
"And what comes after that?" she cried,
"And what comes after that?"
"Tis Greenwich next," the father groaned;
"You're sitting on my hat."
"And what comes after that?" she screamed,
And laughed in childish glee.
But the father answered never a word
For a hopeless loon was he.
A hopeless loon in a padded cell
Who sits on an old rush mat,
And ever moans to the passers-by,
"And what comes after that?"

George S. Chappell.



Mrs. Pep's Diary

*January
17th*

Roused early by Jack White, come with a present for me, and so full of excitement over it that whoever took the good news from Ghent to Aix would have been a tranquil being beside him. Small wonder, however, for it was a contrivance which gets the maximum of fruit juice with a minimum of effort, and the mechanism so delighted Samuel that he used up every orange and lemon in the house before anyone marked him. If his zeal continue, I must set about getting him the demonstration rights in department stores. Such an invention solves a domestic problem before which many a faithful servant falters these days, and now if our men of science would concentrate on ridding citrous fruit of all seeds, the world would, indeed, be a better place. Lord! Such a matter is of greater import, methinks, than the theory of Relativity or the weak spots in the Nicene Creed... Sat next a man at dinner this night whose serious small talk I had formerly met with only in comic papers, and when he confided that he did not like plays containing characters with whom he couldn't associate, I gave up and let the butler refill my glass.

*January
18th*

Off betimes in a taxi to join Julie Griggs in a search for a suitable table cover, but did discover after a few blocks that I had come away without a face powder compact, and when a woman finds herself abroad without that article or a pocket handkerchief, she might as well turn straightway and return for them, which I did. And so, somewhat tardy, to a shop where was the finest display of brocades that ever I saw in my life, and Julie settled on an Italian piece of rare tint and texture, rendered costly by the spots which evidenced its antiquity. Nor could I refrain from laughter at the notion of an American merchant of 1924 getting two hundred dollars more than an article was worth merely because some monks of a distant day had been careless in their cups... Home late, and loath to make ready for a soiree to which I was going only on Samuel's account, and when I discovered through adroit inquiries that his motive for attending was likewise altruistic, we telephoned our regrets and fell to cards.

*January
19th*

Lay late, meditating many things, and did arrive at one decision. Namely, that until I am fifty years old I shall bear with as much patience and fortitude as possible the limitations placed on my conduct by the conventions of an artificial society, but that after my fiftieth birthday I shall do and wear and say what I choose, half a century of conformity being enough for one of my temperament. And when I told Samuel, he quoth: I am glad of the warning, because then you will be talking and acting like those sharp old ladies in English novels, and divorce proceedings are not so rapid as the modern bride supposes... This day, after spending two futile hours over contemporary literature with my bookseller, I did mockingly announce my intention of writing a book, whereupon he answered, Why not? And when you think of what the publishers put out these days, why not, indeed?

Baird Leonard.

Time Tables

Mr. Ruffles Buys Some Socks

NOON—Mr. Ruffles decides to step into department store to buy a pair of socks. Smiles as he thinks how long it would take his wife to make a simple purchase like that. Wonders whether he had better ask where the sock department is before entering the elevator. Votes against it because that is the way a woman would waste her time.

12:01—Gets into elevator. Is squeezed towards the rear but tries to keep his ears free in order to hear what the elevator boy says.

12:02—Is sure they couldn't be selling "Cigars, cigarettes, baby carriages and all the latest magazines" on the second floor, but that is what it sounds like.

12:03—Tries not to listen as the man calls out, "Corsets, kimonos, women's underwear and millinery." Is sure the woman standing on his foot would think it indecent of him if he did. Rides past several other stops but doesn't hear socks mentioned.

12:04—At top floor operator looks at him curiously as remaining passengers leave car. Replies "Socks" in a stern, dignified manner in response to the query, "You jess riding fo' fun?" Is told the socks, as advertised, are on the fust floor.



"GIVE 'EM WHAT THEY WANT."

12:07—Recalls seeing no advertisement saying socks were on the first floor, but gets out there nevertheless.

12:08—Is directed to counter in middle of floor but finds it surrounded by women. Wonders what kind of men let their wives buy socks for them but waits politely for crowd to clear away.

12:15—Crowd hasn't cleared so he insinuates himself into its midst. Reads sign and congratulates himself on arriving during progress of bargain sale.

12:20—Examines pair of socks he picks up. Tells himself they'll do and reflects a woman would have looked through entire pile before deciding.

12:20-12:50—Waits, holding pair of socks hopefully, and vaguely fears that some one will think he is trying to steal them.

1:00—Plain-looking saleswoman at last asks him what he wishes. Tells her, "These, in size seven." Is told there are none in size seven, won't sixes do? and is directed to hosiery department on third floor.

1:10—Enters elevator again and once more is pushed to rear of car. Recognizes operator and hopes operator does not recognize him. Tries to get out at third floor but crowd is too great. Decides to make it on return trip.

1:17—Makes uproar at third floor on the down trip, and is allowed to disembark. Hurries to aisle man and inquires for hosiery.

1:20—Is informed that department has just been moved to fifth floor together with the shoe department.

1:21—Runs rapidly down stairway and dashes out of building.

— Tracy Hammond Lewis.



Methuselah: LOOK HERE! I ADVERTISED FOR AN OFFICE BOY—NOT A SUCKLING.

Almost Fatal

JUNIOR: Was you very sick with the measles, Charley?

CHARLEY: Sick! Why, it took me days and days to feel better after I was all well!



LIFE

The Playboys of the Western World

Souder Welcomes Relief from Work

WASHINGTON, January 19.—The old adage about all work and no play making Jack a dull boy has for centuries proved an invaluable prop to man's conscience. When facing the awkward decision of whether to stay in and finish up the monthly sales report you brought home to-night, or to join the boys in the little game they're getting up over at Ed's, you need only say the words over two or three times to make everything seem all right. Indeed, by the time you've stacked up your chips, and have got off the line several more times for the benefit of your friends, you will begin to feel a little glow of virtue at having followed the path of duty.

Members of Congress

are repeating the adage a good deal during the present session. And although I have heard the statement made that in this instance no amount of play would turn the trick, I honestly believe that the peculiar circumstances of this Congress were providentially provided to give us necessary relaxation.

Had there been a clear-cut division of power in Congress, we might, in the month or more that we have been sitting, already have taken up the tax reduction measure, considered fifty-seven varieties of the World Court, including the genuine, and got a good deal of other business out of the way. Speaking for myself, I should already be wearing towels round my head.

But fortunately, with the division of votes what it is, we are able to give ourselves to the real fun of parliamentary procedure.

Take any ordinary week

of the current term. After suitable prayers on Monday morning for wise guidance in transacting the affairs of the nation, the unfinished business is found to be whether the tax revision bill shall be allowed to come up. The Republicans still lack two votes, and after six hours of debate a Democrat switches his vote to the Insurgents, and an Insurgent switches his to the Democrats, and the day ends with merriment and good feeling on all sides.

All day Tuesday

is given over to conferences. The Republicans confer with the Democrats, the Democrats with the Insurgents, and Senator La Follette with himself. Everybody rushes around very importantly, and, late in the afternoon, issues important statements to the press, pointing out that the situation remains unchanged.

Wednesday is the day of rumors. It is rumored that the Republicans are actually going to get down to business and force a show-down, that the Democrats will stop playing trivial partisan politics, that the Insurgents will quit holding up the work of Congress. Later in the day the spokesmen of the respective groups take occasion hotly to deny the canards.

Thursday is Bargain Day

The Insurgents agree to let the tax revision bill come up, in return for which the Republicans promise the chairmanship of the Domestic Relations Committee to the Farmer-Labor candidate. This candidate, in turn, gives up his insistence on recognizing the Soviet government, in consideration of which the Democrats bind themselves not to let Senator Heflin speak more than an hour at any one time during 1924.

The day ends

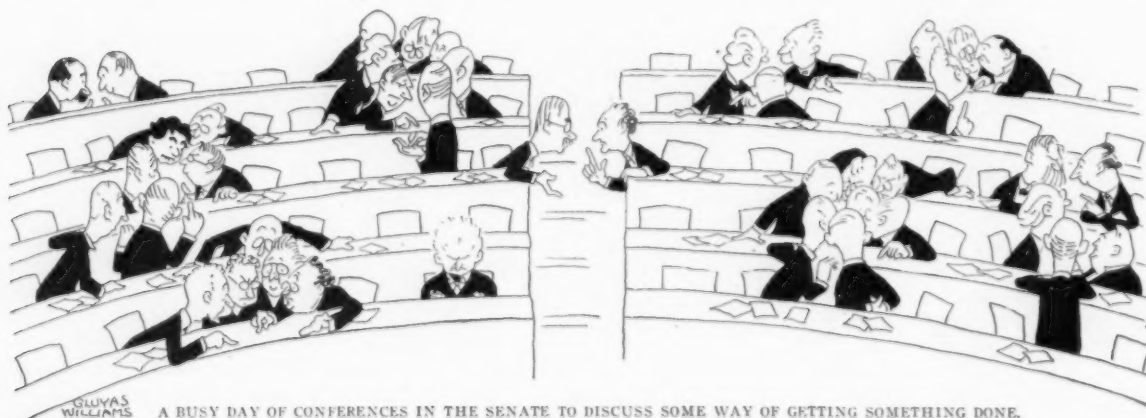
with the point-blank refusal of the present incumbent of the Domestic Relations Committee to give up his post, and all bargains are declared off.

On Friday the feeling runs strong that some sort of progress ought to be made in some direction, and after leaders of the different groups have had the opportunity to express themselves on the subject, there seems little doubt that that is the sentiment of Congress. So the session is adjourned till Monday.

It's very good fun

and I can already see in the ruddier glow on the cheeks of my colleagues the definite benefit to their health that the present period of rest is affording them. I like to look forward to the zest and vigor with which we shall be able to take up the nation's business—when we finally get round to it.

Souder.



OLIVAS WILLIAMS

A BUSY DAY OF CONFERENCES IN THE SENATE TO DISCUSS SOME WAY OF GETTING SOMETHING DONE.



NO ENTANGLEMENTS

Mother: THIS IS YOUR NEW NURSE, HAROLD. COME AND GIVE HER A KISS.

Harold: I'LL GIVE HER A KISS, BUT I WANT IT UNDERSTOOD IT DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED.

Sentimental Mathematics

THE young man stood in front of the jeweler's window, gazing on a glittering locket. As he thought how beautiful it would look around his lady's alabaster neck, his glance rested on the tag. Great Heavens, what a price! Could he afford it—could he possibly afford it? He gulped several times, and began to make rapid mathematical calculations:

$$24 \times 50c = \$12.00 \dots$$

By doing without his lunch every day, he could easily cut twelve dollars off his living expenses. And this he ought to be able to stand for two months:

$$2 \times \$12 = \$24 \dots$$

Then by pressing his own clothes, he ought to save at least two dollars a week:

$$4 \times \$2 = \$8$$

$$2 \times \$8 = \$16$$

He might also be able to get along without cigarettes for a while:

$$20c \times 7 = \$1.40$$

$$8 \times \$1.40 = \$11.20$$

Synthetic gin was bad for his stomach; it might be a good idea to abolish his weekly drinking bout:

$$4 \times \$8 = \$32$$

$$\$32 \times 2 = \$64$$

Was there anything else he could cut out? No, there wasn't a thing . . .

$$\$64 + \$11.20 + \$16 + \$24 = \$115.20 \dots$$

Coming, then, to the conclusion that the locket was entirely beyond his means, the young man went right in and bought it.

Cyril B. Egan.



THE GREAT DROUGHT

"A POOL TABLE, EH? WELL, I DON'T SEE ANY POOL!"



"WON'T YOU TRY ONE OF MY SPECIAL CIGARETTES, ETHEL?"
 "MERCY, NO! THE SILK TIPS POSITIVELY CLASH WITH MY HAT."

Business Protection

PRIVATE SECRETARY: How shall I charge this money you are giving to the Anti-Saloon League?
MILLIONAIRE BOOTLEGGER: Charge it to insurance.



"HOW MUCH TO TEACH MY WIFE TO DRIVE?"
 "TWO DOLLARS AN HOUR."
 "ALL RIGHT, HERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS ON ACCOUNT."

First Page—Must

MARY PICKFORD, walking down Hollywood Boulevard with Douglas Fairbanks, confesses that she has just poisoned Charlie Chaplin because he gives her the blues. Her husband, much annoyed, starts to beat her. President Coolidge, on his way to the hotel from a poker game in which he has been a heavy but cheerful loser, attempts to interfere and is struck a severe blow on the chin by Fairbanks. The President falls, hitting his head on the curbstone. With a heroic effort he gasps forth, "Mellon, McAdoo, Hiram Johnson and I were in a scheme to rob the United States Mint to-night at twelve. Something must be done to stop them." Then he falls over dead.

Douglas Fairbanks, overcome with horror at what he has done, pulls a revolver from his pocket and shoots himself. The shock of all this causes Mary Pickford to go crazy. She pulls out a pair of scissors from her hand-bag, cuts off her curls and runs down the street telling every one she meets that Pola Negri is the greatest actress in the world.

Just then the telephone bell rang and the city editor awoke with a start.

"No, chief," he said, "things are unusually dull to-day."

T. H. L.

SOME reformers worry about the human race as though they belonged to it.

Breakfast at the Claridge

(Time: 1:30 P. M.)

"I SEZ to him, 'You men all think that us poor girls, smilin' an' dancin' like that, an' th' star gettin' all th' applause, has got nothin' to worry us, but our smiles is onny a mask,' I sez. 'Underneath here,' I sez, an' I put my hand on my bosom like Barrymore does an' just about rooned an orchid bouquet—I don't see how she does it so graceful—'underneath here,' I sez, 'I got troubles to weigh me down, with th' cold weather on an' I'm thinkin' all th' time about my poor old mother that hasn't even a fur coat to wear, an' she's just th' same size as me,' I sez. 'An' no one in th' whole world thinks enough about me to help me out.'

"An' what do you think he sez to me, dearie? He sez, 'I noticed you always pick mothers your own size, girlie. You surely have foresight.' I would have done better with him by remainin' an orphan, like Nature made me."

"A fellow from Griffith's office asked me th' other night if I wouldn't like to have a screen test some time——"

"An', of course, you said no, dearie. You wouldn't think of persecutin' your art that way. I'm like that myself. Loyal. I wouldn't never leave Flo unless I got a chance."

"Did I tell you about that wise guy from Texas? Didn't I? Well, it's a scream. This bird told me he was from San Antonio, an' I sez, 'Oh, are you? Isn't that wonderful?' I sez, 'I'm from San Antonio myself.' An' Mr. Smart Aleck piped up an' sez, 'What part of San Antonio?' But he didn't stump me. Not much. 'The usual part,' I sez, an' he's still tryin' to figure that one out. You simply can't depend on th' simple old gags no more, dearie. You just got to keep addin' to your lines all th' time."

"A friend of mine is over with Famous Players and he, tells me——"

"I know just what he tells you, dearie. Pickford is slippin', an' now is th' time for all sweet young ladies to grab a triffin million a year, or so. I knew one of those to-morrow hounds myself once. If he'd been managin' Far-rar she'd be gettin' a job in a choir next week."

"Did you see th' notices yet, dearie?"



IT WOULD BE ONLY FAIR TO GIVE THE KIDS A TURN AT THE GROWN-UPS.

What did th' fellow in th' *Telegraph* say about th' chorus?"

"He sez once a man went to a musical show to see chickens, but of late wherever he goes he sees nothing but clucks."

"Well, personilly, I'm again' those Klux guys myself, dearie, but you got to admit they get around. Here's th' waiter back from Europe at last. What'll you have with your ham an' eggs this mornin'?"

James K. McGuinness.

Certain Restatements

NEW YORK is just a few miles out of Hoboken.

The Ford made Henry.

There are stones in sermons (and sometimes brickbats).

Minnesota put Magnus on the map.

The Abolitionists rebelled against the Slaveholders.

SHE: He speaks seven languages.

HE: I felt sure he was one of these ignorant foreigners.



"MAMA, I THINK AUNT ELLEN IS VERY BEAUT'FUL, BUT DON'T THINK SHE'S AS BEAUT'FUL AS MY NEW HAT."



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"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President* LE ROY MILLER, *Sec'y and Treas.*
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IT is encouraging to see the isolationists rise up like one man with jeers and execrations to beat the Bok Peace Plan. There must be something in it or the opposition would not take it so hard.

Really it is very interesting. Mr. Bok has done the job with skill. By offering a big prize he showed earnestness of purpose and a belief that he could accomplish something valuable.

He also got or seemed to get an expression of the popular intelligence. He did not pick a good man to make a good plan and then try to put it over, but by baiting his invitation so handsomely he got twenty-two thousand and odd elaborated suggestions for world peace, out of which the best one was to be selected. And his method of selecting his selectors was very astute. He got a committee of very well-known people headed by John W. Davis to select a jury to try the plans. They selected a committee of seven with Colonel House and Mr. Root on it, also General Harbord, Miss Pendleton, Dean Pound, William Allen White and Brand Whitlock, all well known and respected except perhaps William Allen White when he makes-breaks in discourse; and even he is respected most of the time and is very popular.

Well, the jury picked the plan which everybody knows about by now. It said we ought to join the World Court right away, and that we ought to co-operate with the League of Nations but without any obligation to submit to the League any American question, or to use force of any kind, or to be bound in any way by the Treaty of Versailles. On those terms the plan proposes that our government "should extend its present co-operation with the League and

proposes participation in its Assembly and Council."

But the production and selection of the plan is only the beginning. The real job is to get a vote on it from as many voters as possible and try to discover if that majority of seven millions by which the isolationists say the Treaty was beaten in 1920, still exists. There will doubtless be an interesting vote, and the machinery for eliciting and recording it will be well handled. Mr. Bok will see to that. He is a past-master in doing such things. He knows about publicity, knows how to distribute ideas and knows how to discover what people are thinking about. His present exploit is a remarkable experiment in the use of advertisement in politics.

It was said in LIFE last week that the great issue in our politics at present was foreign affairs, and that if only at the right time the right man should bring the right torch, a flame might be started on that issue that not even the Senate could put out. It may be that Mr. Bok is the man with the torch. Certainly he has picked the time well. Everything must be talked over in the next ten months, and almost everything in the next five months. To force into a discussion, which pretty much all the politicians wish to limit to domestic matters, this avoided topic of foreign affairs will be really a remarkable achievement, and it looks as though Mr. Bok might do it.



AND so Mr. Cyrus Curtis of Philadelphia has bought the *Evening Post*! Perhaps that is as good as anything that could be expected to happen

to it, though it is trying at first, as it always is to have an old friend run over by the cars, or a paper one is used to changed in its voice, sentiments and features.

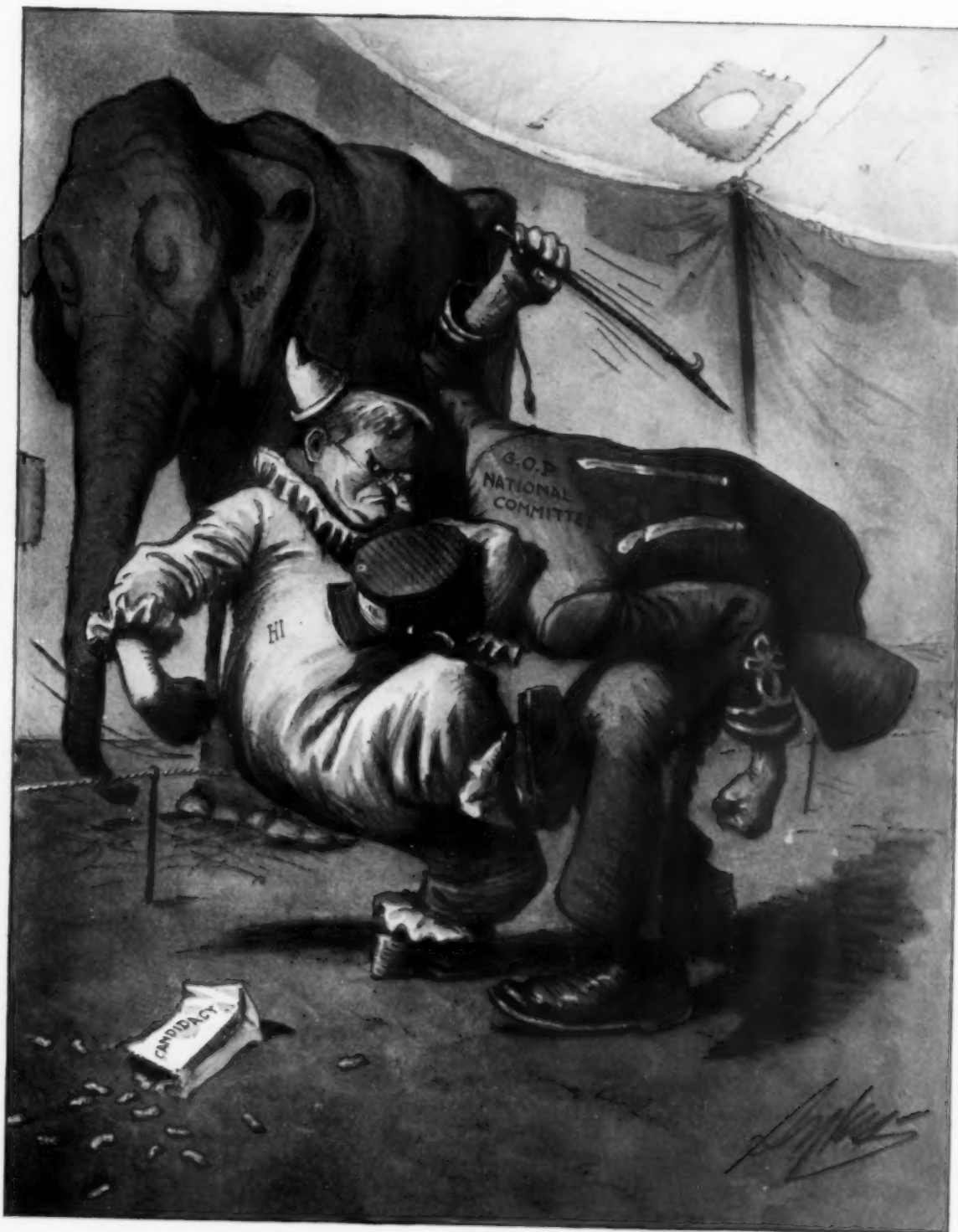
When Mr. Villard found it expedient about five years ago to part with the *Post*, he sold it to Mr. Lamont, who was used to the looks of newspapers and accustomed to read them, but not expert about their diet, and possibly supposed that so old a paper as the *Post* must have confirmed habits of self-support. Finding that it hadn't, but was an expensive guest that ate up money, he sold it in due time to a company of gentlemen concerned to have it go on as a newspaper representative of respectability and intelligence in New York. This company of rescuers have now sold it to Mr. Curtis, a gentleman with a large experience in hatching out dinosaur's eggs, who knows all about the appetites of newspapers and other periodicals and what diet is good for them and how they can, with luck, be made to pay their keep and something over.

Good luck then to Mr. Curtis, a dauntless spirit, who has not feared to rush in where angels stubbed their toes. If he really thinks, as reported, that an editorial page made in Philadelphia is just as good for New York, he may have something to learn, but if so he will learn it.



ONE may profitably remark in reading the newspapers that the way of the transgressor continues to be very, very hard. The stories of robbery, violence and law-breaking are usually tragic. The thugs and law-breakers, bank robbers, hold-up men and all that lot do not have a good time. Young men who are thinking of engaging in the callings that they follow are hereby warned not to do it. If they do, they will surely be sorry. Not only will they come to a bad end but they will have a miserable time on the way. Misbehaving nations have the same prospect ahead of them. Unless they can discover how to be good and reflect their discovery in their conduct, the outlook for them is bad and no amount of armament or wealth will cure it.

E. S. Martin.



AN ADDED ATTRACTION



The Quest of E





Extra Heavy Cream

WITHOUT having understood more than three consecutive lines in Strindberg's "The Spook Sonata," we nevertheless got several good-sized kicks out of it. And a couple of laughs.

The laughs came when we understood what was going on. Most of the time we were mystified, and impressed. If we may be permitted to make a suggestion in the matter of a technique we know nothing of, namely, that of creating a mood on the stage, we would warn against the utilization of words which are phonetically out of tune with that mood. Dissonance is all right, but it can not be a ludicrous dissonance or you will get a laugh in place of a shudder.



THUS, in the creation of a mood of nebulous and exotic terror, the sudden emergence of such explicit and high-noon-sounding words as "soup," "soap," and "milk-wagon," calls for a laugh as automatically as the sight of a drum-major slipping on a patch of ice. And when a young lady, seated on a divan, bemoans in the manner of Our Lady of Sorrows the crushing, unbearable fact that she has to keep cutting pieces of cork to put under the leg of a table because the cook keeps taking them away just to be nasty, then you have no one but yourself to blame if you lose your grip on your audience.



OUR thrills at "The Spook Sonata" came at the sight of the silent figures standing in the windows of the haunted house, at the terrific suffusion of the world with red when Clare Eames, as the woman who thought she was a parrot, strangled the paralytic old gentleman, and the almost constant atmosphere of "what's wrong with this house?" with which Robert Edmond Jones managed to invest the production in spite of the obtrusive words. Taking Eugene O'Neill and Kenneth MacGowan, the new impresarios of the Provincetown Playhouse, at their word that it is to be a theatre of difficult experimentation, our comment would be that they have succeeded remarkably well in a tough job.

And, if you ask us what we really think the play means, we believe that the *Parrot Woman* is supposed to represent Belgium and the *Old Man* the Division of Labor in Modern Industrialism, and that the whole point of the thing is that you can't mix *Weltschmerz* with *Politics* and still keep in touch with the *Absolute*. We are open to correction, however.

IN order not to jump too suddenly from Strindberg's "supernaturalism" to Eddie Cantor in "Kid Boots," let us turn to the Theatre Guild's production of Shaw's "Saint Joan." In comparison with "The Spook Sonata," this handling of the mysticism of the Maid's career is like the first lesson in McGuffey's Elementary Reader, so lucid and crystal-clear does it become.

In spots, "Saint Joan" is magnificent. That is almost as much as you could ask of anything. We could all give Mr. Shaw good advice as to where his play could be cut, but until he sees fit to take it, we shall attend and be thankful for large favors. And thankful to the Guild for its production and the selection of Winifred Lenihan to combine the peasant crudities and spiritual exaltation of the Maid as we can imagine no other young actress of our stage doing.



JUST one more serious matter, before getting down to the business at hand, and that is a recommendation of "Roseanne," in which Chrystal Herne and a large cast black up and enact Nan Bagby Stephens' drama of Negro life. One scene alone makes this worth seeing, that in which a congregation in the Mt. Zion Church is heard singing a service of spirituals which lift you several feet out of your chair during their more intense moments. We can think of no way in which this scene could have been improved except by having it done by real Negroes.



AND now for a contemplation of the important dramatic events of the week: the arrival of two really satisfactory musical shows. "Mary Jane McKane," with Mary Hay and Hal Skelley, representing the smaller and more intimate offering, which contains much duo-dancing, some stepping tunes by Messrs. Stothart and Youmans of "Wildflower" fame, and the pleasing presence of the two featured players, and Mr. Ziegfeld's elaborate production of "Kid Boots," with Eddie Cantor as its star and music by the composers of "Irene."

We do not mean to state that either of these is the best of its kind we have ever seen, but in these days anything containing one or two good features is so much velvet, and certainly "Mary Jane McKane" and "Kid Boots" qualify under this ruling. Eddie Cantor alone would make "Kid Boots" worth while, for, as he toyed with a mallet preparatory to mashing the fingers of an unfortunate young golfer, we elected him one of the leading legitimate actors of the day. And any time that he wants to make us cry, he can do so without half trying.

Robert C. Benchley.

Confidential Guide

More or Less Serious

Cyrano de Bergerac. *National*—One of the world's best plays, revived in splendid fashion by Walter Hampden.

The Dancers. *Broadhurst*—Regulation theatre from beginning to end, well handled by Richard Bennett and an excellent cast.

Hurricane. *Frolic*—Olga Petrova receiving time-and-a-half wages from sin.

In the Next Room. *Vanderbilt*—Well-played murder mystery, showing that you shouldn't go reaching around in strange cabinets.

The Lady. *Empire*—Mary Nash in elegant old buck-eye dramma.

Laugh, Clown, Laugh! *Belasco*—Another version of the broken-hearted clown story, considerably enhanced by Lionel Barrymore.

The Lullaby. *Knickerbocker*—Florence Reed in a vivid portrayal of the girl who went wrong and stayed there.

The Miracle. *Century*—To be reviewed as soon as we catch our breath.

Moscow Art Theatre. *Jolson's Fifty-Ninth St.*—Limited, in a manner of speaking, engagement of Russia's famous players. Third farwell series.

Outward Bound. *Ritz*—To be reviewed next week.

Rain. *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in a play that every one ought to see, including those who will be shocked at it.

Saint Joan. *Garrick*—Reviewed in this issue.

Seventh Heaven. *Booth*—Some day we are going to see this again and find out where we made our mistake in disliking it.

The Shame Woman. *Comedy*—The woman paying as usual, this time in the backwoods.

Sun Up. *Princess*—A vivid account of the awakening of patriotism in the mountains.

Tarnish. *Belmont*—Man and his weakness as the basis for an unusually good play of American middle-class life.

White Cargo. *Daly's*—Thoroughly interesting and relentless account of Nordic disintegration on the west coast of Africa.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—The one cheering feature about the long run of this play is that it makes it unnecessary for us to attend any openings at the barn-like Republic.

Aren't We All? *Gaiety*—G. P. Huntley in good British amusement.

Chicken Feed. *Little*—The marriage question settled in the usual manner by Roberta Arnold and some girl friends.

For All of Us. *Forty-Ninth St.*—William Hodge spreading the gospel of Mind over Matter.

Meet the Wife. *Klaw*—Mary Boland in a fairly amusing play which ought to have been more amusing than it is.

Neighbors. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Double-barreled farce dealing with the way of a rooster in an onion-bed.

The Nervous Wreck. *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in what has turned out to be a laughing riot.

The New Poor. *Playhouse*—To be reviewed next week.

The Other Rose. *Morosco*—Unimpressive light comedy, with Fay Bainter and Henry Hull helping it along.

The Pottery. *Plymouth*—American home-life portrayed as it hasn't been since "The First Year."

The Song and Dance Man. *Hudson*—George M. Cohan proving himself one of the best actors on Broadway.

Spring Cleaning. *Eltinge*—Frank and highly amusing dialogue, spoken with considerable skill by a cast which includes Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

The Swan. *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in the most distinctive comedy of the season.

This Fine-Pretty World. *Neighborhood*—Any one who would go 'way down to Grand Street to see it would like it.

The Whole Town's Talking. *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in a farce which gets better as it goes along—and ought to.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Artists and Models. *Shubert*—Pretty low.

Charlot's London Revue. *Times Square*—To be reviewed next week.

Kid Boots. *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

Little Jessie James. *Longacre*—Running along on one song-hit.

Little Miss Bluebeard. *Lyceum*—Showing what Irene Bordoni can do for a show.

Mary Jane McKane. *Imperial*—Reviewed in this issue.

Mr. Battling Buttler. *Selwyn*—Grade B musical comedy.

Music Box Revue. *Music Box*—Lots of things to look at, including Frank Tinney in white-face.

One Kiss. *Fulton*—Diluted French, with Jack Hazzard, Ada Lewis and Oscar Shaw.

Poppy. *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields, together with Luella Gear, making a good show much better.

The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly. *Liberty*—Conventional dancing show, saved by the kidding hand of Mr. Cohan.

Runnin' Wild. *Colonial*—The last word in Negro shows.

Stepping Stones. *Globe*—Fred Stone and his daughter dancing their way through an elaborate production.

Topics of 1923. *Winter Garden*—Delysia in a much better revue than she deserves.

Wildflower. *Casino*—Very nearly a year of this excellent music, which is none too long.

Ziegfeld Follies. *New Amsterdam*—Since it doesn't seem to matter what the Follies have to offer, so long as they are called the Follies, we'll let it go at that. Anyway, Fannie Brice is there.



THE NEW USHERETTE SUBSTITUTES INSECTICIDE FOR PERFUME

The Liquidation of Czecho-Slovakia

"CZECHO-SLOVAKIA is a wonderful country," said Bates.

"Check-o on that!" I agreed heartily.

"Of all the European nations," continued Bates, "she is the only one showing a balance on the credit side. Her rate of exchange is growing higher every day. She is solvent."

"In other words," I offered, "her Czechs are cashable."

"Don't be funny," said Bates. "And do you know what her principal industry is?"

"No," said I.

"Glass bangles and wooden bead necklaces for export trade."

"No!" said I.

"Fact," said Bates. "Every last one of them is busy blowing glass bracelets. Those that can't blow glass are up far into the night stringing beads."

"Oh," said I, "I have seen a lot of the junk about lately. So that's what does it."

"That's it," said Bates. "And they are enjoying a tremendous success. They are so grateful for their prosperity that—I have it on excellent faith—they even use the beads and bracelets for currency."

"That's a good idea, too," I agreed.

"Sure," said Bates. "The whites are one, the reds, five, and the blues, ten. And so on."

"And so on," said I.

"Suppose you buy a meal over there," said Bates. "It costs about thirty-seven cents American money, including tip. You give the waiter fifty cents and he gives you a red necklace, three white glass bracelets and a nickel change."

"I suppose," said I, "after you have been eating out for a week, you have to open a novelty shop to break even."

"Exactly," said Bates. "Of course, it's fine that they are

so loyal and patriotic, but it must be a terrible bore. My friend, who wrote me about this, says he is becoming round-shouldered and arm-galled from carrying around his necessary loose change. But the natives don't mind it a bit. Hey—" he broke off suddenly. "Look at this!" He displayed a foreign-appearing bottle filled with a suspicious brown liquid.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Hczootczh," said Bates, "the national drink of Czecho-Slovakia."

I took the bottle and shook it. "Speaking of beads, look at *that*," said I.

"Some bead," said Bates, extracting the cork. "Try a necklace's worth," he suggested graciously.

I did. "Bates," said I, "thank God for Czecho-Slovakia. It's a wonderful country."

Henry William Hanemann.

If

IF I were a celebrated motion picture director—

I'd never wear riding breeches,

I'd never wear puttees either,

I'd keep my shirt buttoned at the neck,

I'd own an ordinary automobile,

I'd never have doctors in my films wearing Van Dyke beards,

So it's lucky that California doesn't agree with me.

A. C. M. Azoy, Jr.



IN ABEYANCE

"WELL, BOBBY, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE BOY NEXT DOOR?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MOTHER. WE HAVEN'T LICKED EACH OTHER YET."



DISPENSABLE

Dentist: HERE ARE YOUR TEETH AND THE BILL.
Victim: KEEP THE TEETH AWHILE, DOC. AFTER LOOKING AT THE BILL I WON'T NEED THEM FOR SOME TIME.



A FUNDAMENTALIST

"DO YOU LIKE COLD WEATHER, TONY?"
"DON'T LIKA TOO COLD, DON'T LIKA TOO HOT, BUT WE GOTTA HAVE WEATHER."

My Husband Says

THAT telling the truth doesn't always make a man popular. He says that truthful people never forget the horrible details and he would rather meet a dumb man or a liar any day. He met a man yesterday who told him he was gaining around the waist; my husband said that such a personal remark was at least suggestive of bad form.

But of course the man didn't know how he hates the little *v's* the tailor sews in the sides of his waistcoats. And everybody knows how hard it is to remember which foods contain starch and which only vitamins and calories.

I went to Mrs. Frost's luncheon last week and I really

didn't enjoy it in the least. My hat drooped awfully and my husband said it looked weak and thin and had failed noticeably, and he said I should put it humanely out of the way.

When I bought it last spring the milliner said that even if it was expensive at the time it would be a good investment, for I could wear it in the winter, if I wished.

Mrs. Perry Pitcher was there and she is awfully artistic and always wears wonderful clothes, and she said, "My dear, you look *stunning* in your new hat. Who is your milliner?"

My husband says they get you both ways.

L. Blanche Simpson.



REPORT FROM THE SEVENTH HEAVEN

"QUOIT PLAYERS ARE PERFECTLY SATISFIED."



WHY Stephen McKenna should have handicapped his new novel by calling it "Vindication" (Little, Brown) isn't exactly clear. Naming a novel after an abstraction is bad literary business, because it leads the public to expect the Handling of a Large Theme, which is what, in nine cases out of ten, it unluckily gets. When a writer is skilful enough to keep his moral, if any, entirely subordinate to his tale, he should think a bit about the book-sellers and write "Rich Man, Poor Man" or "Marriage for Money" at the top of his manuscript.

Either of those titles would have suited Mr. McKenna's new story perfectly. It is about an aristocratic English gold-digger with two beaux. One has money and a manor to which he wasn't born. The other has the show castle of Gloucestershire, all the traditions that go with such a heritage, and so slender an income that he must move out if he doesn't marry an heiress. Gloria, poor child, not only hasn't a shilling, but her rakish old father is never more than one jump ahead of the bankruptcy court. Of course she loves the priggish patrician. That makes the plot. But even when, a momentary victim of her emotions, she has every intention of marrying him on nothing-a-year, she lets Freddie, the rich and racy rounder, give her four diamond slave-bangles.

AND this brings me to the point of saying that Freddie, against whom all the other characters talk frightfully, is the only person I liked in the book. He may have been a bad boy, but he was always on hand at the psychological moment with a flask, a luncheon-basket and a sensible line of talk. It seemed absurd for Gloria not to listen to reason earlier when he put it so entertainingly.

Because Freddie gets her. And what

happens after they are married is the important part, as more modern novelists are realizing every day.

BREATHES there the man with experience so limited that he has not numbered at least one collector among

prove just the reading matter that a lot of people have long been looking for. Even collectors themselves will get a laugh out of it. Which is saying a good deal for the authors, who are Cornelius Obenchain Van Loot, Milton Kilgallen and Murgatroyd Elphinstone. And just wait till you see the illustrations.



Vaudeville Manager (after the performance): I LIKE YOUR ORCHESTRA FIRST-RATE, PROFESSOR, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO CUT OUT THE JAZZ PIECES. MY BILL FOR REPAIRS ON THESE SEATS IS EATING UP THE PROFITS.

his friends and acquaintances? (A collector of antiques, let me hasten to add, not of overdue accounts.) Certainly not. Many a motoring party with nothing on its mind but making Pittsfield in time to dress comfortably for dinner, has reached its destination long after nightfall simply because one of its members, an antique hound on a still-hunt for a certain hook rug, insisted on getting out at every farmhouse and asking personal questions of the inmates. Who has not suffered on some occasion in his life through the over-activity of the famous Collector's Eye? Who has not been tiresomely implored to look at happiness through another man's Bristol glass? Echo answers, "Nobody." And so "The Collector's Whatnot" (Houghton Mifflin) should

SPEAKING of illustrations, those which C. B. Falls has done for Theodore Dreiser's "The Color of a Great City" (Boni & Liveright) reveal the imagination and intelligence which he puts into all his work, and it seems too bad, in view of the book's title and Mr. Falls' own entertaining experiments in color, that they should all be printed in flat sepia. Especially when color is the very thing which is lacking in Mr. Dreiser's reminiscences. That, however, was Mr. Falls' business, inasmuch as he chose the paper and type and planned the arrangement and cover design, and if he thought woodcuts were the proper accompaniment for the text, I am sure he was right.

Mr. Dreiser goes back to the New York which he first remembers—the city, as he says, of his dreams. His papers deal with certain phases of metropolitan life which are gradually disappearing with the city's growth, phases of a time when our social contrasts were more vivid and arresting and when the city was, he thinks, more poetic and even more idealistic than it is now. And he, too, is probably right.

IF, in one of those psychoanalytical tests where the victim must voice his immediate mental reaction to any given word or phrase, the inquisitor shouted "Carl Sandburg" at me, I should promptly answer, "Smoke." His poetry is, in my mind, so covered with coal

(Continued on page 29)

The New-Voes Are Wintering in Town

THE New-Voes are wintering in town.

They've taken an apartment for the winter.

Of course, during the early part of November they spent most of their time in Hot Springs, and later in the month, ran over to White Sulphur.

In December they went to California, and January they are passing at Palm Beach or Miami, and they will spend February in Havana.

They will probably visit Quebec in March, and Aiken in April.

After that, their plans are rather undecided.

However, the New-Voes are wintering in town.

They've taken an apartment for the winter.

C. G. S.

No Help for It, or Girls Will Be Girls

(A Problem Play of the Stage in Question and Answer)

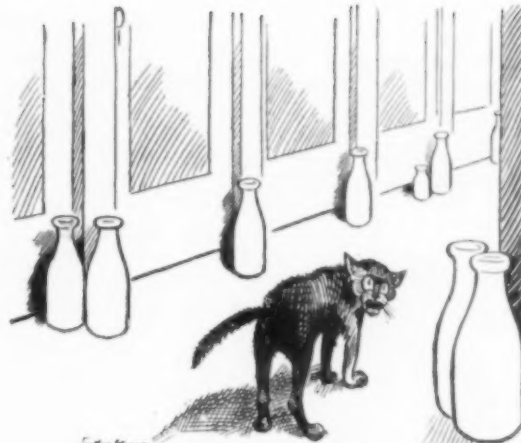
CHARACTERS: The Producer of *The Gingersnaps of 1924*; the Stage Manager.

Time: In the morning, a month before the opening.

Place: The dismantled stage of the Peacock Theatre, New York City.

PRODUCER: No help for it? No help for what?

STAGE MANAGER: Oh, I was just thinking: I've used ten girls in the living curtain, sixteen for the chandelier, twelve



MILK, MILK EVERYWHERE, NOR ANY DROP TO DRINK

around the fountain, six in the vase of roses, four under the fruit basket, and now I've still twenty-two left over that I want to ring in here. I guess there's no help for it, they'll just have to do the usual thing—wear pretty clothes and sing and dance.

CURTAIN OF RESIGNATION.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



Zeb: 'JA SELL THET HAWG YESTIDDY, RAZ?

Raz: YEAH!

Zeb: W'A' DID IT WEIGH?

Raz: WAAL, ZEB, IT AVERAGED THREE HUNDRED AN' FOURTEEN POUNDS.

Taking a Fall Out of a Watch

THESE are the facts of the affair.

My watch, having simply come to the conclusion that it had been running long enough, closed its eyes and turned over on its back and died. There was no violence connected with the matter at all; you should understand this thoroughly before going on. It merely slowed down, increased its customary loss of five minutes a day to ten, then twenty, then forty, and finally, without a sound, gave completely out of breath and quit. When I took it out of my pocket one day, and found it was not running, I was surprised. All this is fact.

I wound it and patted it—and took it to a watchmaker.

He opened it up and gave it a pinch

here and there with some eyebrow-pullers.

"It's had a fall," said he.

"No," said I, pleasantly putting him right on the matter, "it hasn't had a fall."

"It's had a *bad* fall," said he promptly.

"No; you must be mistaken," I protested mildly.

"It fell on its side; the joint-staff is snapped off clean."

"But it hasn't—"

"You probably accidentally pushed it off the mantelpiece; your mainspring is broken."

"No, I didn't push it—"

"Your regulator is rusted; did you leave it out in the rain?"

"I feel sure it hasn't been out of my—"

"It needs a thorough cleaning; you must have taken the back off in a sand-storm."

"No; I don't think—"

"You must have thrown it off the roof."

"No, I don't remember—why, the crystal isn't—"

"Your balance-wheel is warped."

"So is yours!" cried I, unable to restrain myself any longer. I took it out of his hand and departed.

But it is most disturbing, the effect watchmakers have on one's opinion of one's sanity. I *know* that watch has not had the least kind of fall, and yet—
Berry Fleming.



Revenue Officer: YOU PROMISED TO HAVE THAT NEW RUM-BOAT CHASER DONE BEFORE THIS. WHAT'S THE CAUSE OF THE DELAY?

Boat Builder: YES, SIR, YOU'RE NEXT ON THE LIST, BUT WE HAVE ALREADY PROMISED THESE THREE RUM BOATS FIRST.

Things That Ain't

(A Practical Philosopher Waits for the World to Slow Up)

I MET a gentleman of girth to-day in Union Square—
His large proboscis glowed with mirth; his shoes with disrepair.

"O gentle friend," said I in awe, "what makes you spit so far?"

He answered that he longed to soar above the evening star,
And visit realms behind the moon, where parks were bright and sunny,
And every man an idle one, with pockets full of money.

"But then, you see," he spat and said, "such blessings can't be had.
It's just the way the world is made—most everything is bad!

"But now I'm here, I've come to stay—a savior? Yes, that's me;
I'll cure this fool world anyway, and here's my plan, you see:

"We wasn't set on earth to fret and jump like scalded fleas;
I love my fellow folk, you bet, and folks beyond the seas,

"But every one of you dumb fools is busy beyond hope.
And if God's grace was dirty tools, your motto would be soap.

"So give the world a chance, I say, and 'let the old cat die,'
Or folks that have to run to-day, to-morrow'll have to fly.

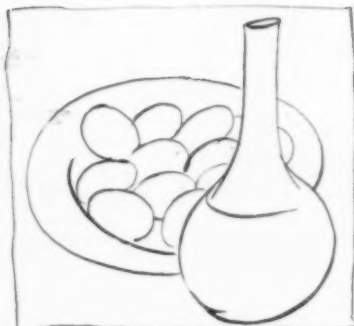
"Don't press your suits; don't block your hats; don't mend your ragged pants;
Unless somebody stops work flat, the rest *can't* have no chance."

And so I left him sitting there—an unrequited saint,
Whose mind seeped out along his hair—in search of *things that ain't.*

Keith MacKaye.



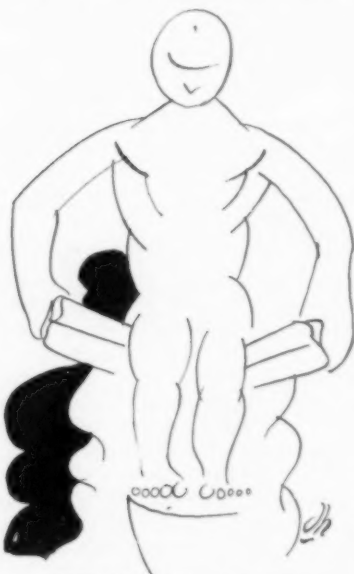
SKINNAY'S SISTER.
(Child's Head, by Maurice Sterne)



LUXURIES—90 CENTS' WORTH OF EGGS
AND \$4.00 WORTH OF GIN.
(Eggs and Water, by Maurice Sterne)



LADY TINKER-TOY.
(Portrait, by Guy Pène du Bois)



DEAD ART COMING TO LIFE.
(The Law, by Gertrude V. Whitney)

An Impressionist's Impressions of Some Impressionistic Art

By Don Herold

HAVING had a thorough art education drawing hop-sotch diagrams and houses with curlicue smoke, with chalk, on the asphalt in front of our home, I felt that I could bring an indefinable (but necessary) SOMETHING to the task of reviewing the exhibit of the New Society of Artists.

"What are your other qualifications?" asked the editor.

"Well," I replied, "I do so have impressions. Also I have a compass."

"Then I am convinced that you are the man to review this great exhibit."

Impressions just flooded in upon me.

I got the impression that Mr. Bellows did his great picture of the Crucifixion too soon after completing his excellent portrait of Mr. Dempsey. I got the impression of the explosion of an Ostermoor from Ernest Lawson's "Falls in Winter." I got the impression of paint shot out of guns from Van Deering Perre's oils.

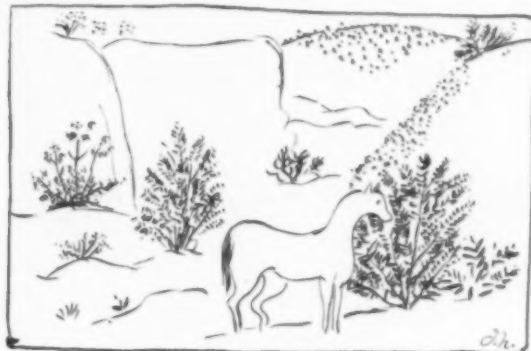
And the highest impression of all was that four or five really good artists must have written down a list of the funniest story tellers in the country and formed the New Society of Artists, and must now have some perfectly delightful evenings together, just sitting around, the work of the day done and forgotten.



PRE-WAR SCOTCH.
(McPherson and MacDonald, by Gari Melchers)



OLD MAN DRINKING WATER COLORS IN AKRON, O.
(Pittsburgh, by George Luks)



HORSE ON THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.
(Horse in a Canyon, by Randall Davey)

THE SILENT DRAMA



"Big Brother"

THERE have been innumerable variations of the old crook's regeneration theme—from "Turn to the Right" on down the line—but there has never been one, to my mind, so good as "Big Brother." It is head and shoulders above the rest.

"Big Brother" was written by Rex Beach and directed by Allan Dwan, and these two have displayed a degree of sympathetic understanding which is rare indeed in the movies. They have made their story above all things realistic, depending on actual life instead of on the established tricks which are part of the equipment of every successful hokum vendor.

Tom Moore, who plays the gunman hero of the piece, helps enormously in furthering the honest sincerity of the drama, and he receives able co-operation from a little boy named Mickey Bennett. As I watched this pair dodging about through the underworld, I was reminded of two greater artists in "The Kid"—and anything that reminds one of "The Kid" is inevitably great stuff.

INCIDENTALLY, "Big Brother" contains a moral lesson, to wit: "It takes a tough guy to go straight." I might add that it takes a tough picture to put over a convincing moral lesson—and "Big Brother" is just that.

"The Courtship of Myles Standish"

WITH the most worthy intentions in the world, Charles Ray set out to record the heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers in "The Courtship of Myles Standish." He wanted to do for the Plymouth settlers what James Cruze did for the pioneers of the Oregon Trail in "The Covered Wagon."

"The Courtship of Myles Standish," however, will never crowd "The Covered Wagon" for epic honors, for it represents the Pilgrims as a sturdy band of Hollywood extras, doused in

Klieg light and trick snow, stalking Neponset Indians whose make-up is distressingly uneven.

Charles Ray himself is a fine actor, and one who is supremely eager to do big things in a big way; but he needs the guiding hand of some strictly commercial producer who can teach him the bare facts of motion picture manufacture.

One of them is that you can't produce an epic in a studio.

"West of the Water Tower"

THOSE who have read Homer Croy's novel, "West of the Water Tower," will be actively enraged by the screen version of that popular book. Those who have not read it will merely be bored.



GLENN HUNTER IN "WEST OF THE WATER TOWER."

Although adorned with some excellent acting and a number of effective Main Street backgrounds, "West of the Water Tower" is actually as dull a picture as you could hope not to see. Glenn Hunter does what he can to endow the story with life—and Ernest Torrence does somewhat more than that—but their efforts are fruitless; the thin, uninspiring narrative meanders feebly on and finally expires limply at their feet.

For those who have read the book, or have heard that it deals with certain censored subjects, I hasten to add that the picture is fully one hundred per cent. pure. Perhaps that's why it's so stupid.

"The Rendezvous"

THE Russian influence, which has added so much flaming color and so much phony caviar to our national life, has at last reached Hollywood; the first of the Moscow Art Films to arrive is a cheerfully dismal piece called "The Rendezvous." It was directed by that eminent Slav, Mickey Neilan.

Mr. Neilan is a genuine artist, and almost any picture that bears his name is sure to contain the marks of genius. There are more of them than usual in "The Rendezvous." It is a firmly built and highly imaginative representation of life in the Siberian wastes, marred by a story that is wildly improbable at times, and strengthened by the eloquent acting of Sydney Chaplin, Lucille Rickson and Elmo Lincoln.

I doubt whether the Russian influence will go much farther on the screen; the Moscow type of drama is a bit too sombre and too cerebral to be a fit subject for the pollyannaline dyes of Hollywood. But "The Rendezvous" is at least a worthy attempt to reproduce the elemental power of the Russian plays—and Mr. Neilan deserves more credit for it than he will ever get.

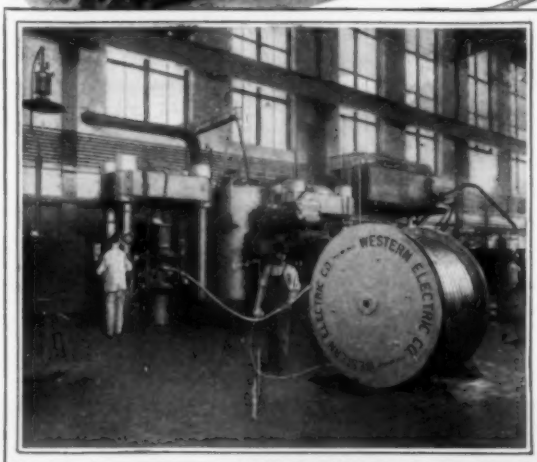
Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 31.)

Then, a tug of war— now, a “reel” job



HEAVE, HO! In the old days, from eight to sixteen men were needed in the factory to pull a single telephone cable core into lead pipes—which, soldered together, formed the sheath.



HOW IT'S DONE TODAY. Now two men, operating this lead press, can cover more cable than the sixteen did the old way — and what's more, they do it better.



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Little Tale of Horror

I have just heard what purports to be the shortest ghost story. Here it is:

JONES: Do you believe in ghosts?

SMITH: No. Do you?

JONES: Yes. (*Vanishes.*)

—C. J. A., in *London Daily News*.

The Crown of Martyrdom

IRISH FATHER (*to promising son*): Be a good boy and study hard, Denis, and some day you may be President of the Irish Republic and have everybody in Ireland respecting your memory.

—Tatler (*London*).

Untutored

HOST: What is your Alma Mater, Mr. Nurich?

GUEST: I never touch it, thanks, but I'll take a cigar instead.

—Rutgers Chanticleer.



"DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO LOVE ME?"

"JOHNNY DEAR, I REALLY HAVEN'T THE TIME—I'M SO BUSY WITH FRENCH AND MAH JONG AND LEARNING TO DRIVE."

—Karikaturen (*Christiania*).

Words and Music

A young fellow was trying hard to explain to the salesman what he wanted.

"Now, haven't you this song? It goes zim-zim, zum-zum, zang-zang. You know."

"Sorry," said the salesman, "but I don't seem to recognize the tune. What are the words?"

"Those are the words."

—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Horse Sense

YOUNG LORDLING (*in Alberta*): My word! There goes the Prince off a horse again. And he was traveling incognito, too.

PUNCHER: Yep! But you can't fool a horse.—Ohio State Sun Dial.

"WHAT street is this?"

"Lafayette."

"We are here."

—Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.

"£88 for a Dog Bite," says a morning paper headline. We have decided to wait until they become cheaper.—Punch.

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A Member of This Club

THE world's supply of genial insanity is too low to let the appearance of a book by Henry William Hanemann be hailed as anything less than "significant." We have plenty of humorists at large, but few who can, on occasion, fling ritual, sense and public policy to the winds and become just mad. Mr. Hanemann happens to be one of these rare spirits.

Readers of LIFE are familiar with some evidences of this gift from contributions signed with his name or "H. W. H." Other outbreaks which have occurred in this paper have not been identifiable except by those familiar with the workings of the Hanemann mind, as they have taken the form of jokes under pictures, as, for example, the two naval officers complaining of some disturbance below-decks being caused by "ensign-trouble," or the private asking for permission to fall out of drill formation because he had a trade-last for the colonel.

Not so much of this moon-madness as one could wish has been incorporated into the first Hanemann book, "As Is" (Harcourt, Brace), but there is sufficient, combined with examples of a more formal humor, to make it a distinctive volume. There is the story of "Ben, the Bootlegger" in the manner of Horatio Alger, Jr., which begins:

"Gin, sir, gin? Fresh gin." The speaker, a boy of fifteen, stood in front of the Harriman Night and Day Bank, on Fifth Avenue, New York City. On each side of him was an orderly array of sanitary containers.

"I'll have one!" "Give me three!" Simultaneous cries arose to gladden the ear of our hero, Ben Bronson, the Boy Bootlegger. His modest supply soon vanished."

Then there are the Russian fables, "Winding the Cuckoo Clock" and "The Bootblack's Friend," together with many of the examples of New Yorkese which one hears on the tops of buses, all of them typical of the Hanemann talent. The illustrations by John Held, Jr., add just the right pictorial value to the collection.

R. C. B.

Life and Letters

(Continued from page 22)

dust that if I were to pick up a volume of it, I should first blow on it carefully. Until the other day it was impossible to think of him as the writer of delightful stories for children. But that he is. He has followed his last year's "Rootabaga Stories," of which I hadn't heard, with "Rootabaga Pigeons," delicious juvenile foolery, in which he displays positive genius for naming characters.

Diana Warwick.

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father cussed again this morning, did you cut yourself father said I, no wallace said he but I could cut the acquaintance of the manufacturer who puts a cap on his shaving cream that bounces away like a collar button and hides like a theater ticket in the wrong pocket when your mother and I arrive late.



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Pampered

She was really a sweet-looking woman, and she wanted something for Teddy. After she had gone through the toy stock and worn the clerk to a frazzle, she admitted that she was stumped.

"You see," said she, "Teddy is three years old, and it is difficult for me to know just what he would like. When he was a puppy I could buy him balls and things like that, but he does not seem to care for them any more."

And then the worm turned.

"Why don't you buy him a nice silk nighty, tied with a blue ribbon?" the clerk asked, sweetly.

But the fond mother didn't get it at all.

"Oh, he has all those things," she replied.—*Argus (Seattle)*.

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**

The Retort Courteous

Two high-school girls were engaged in conversation on the street. Said the first:

"Tom tried to kiss me last night and I wouldn't let him."

"Did it make him angry?" her companion asked.

"I should say. He said he wished he had called on you."

—*Maryville (Mo.) Democrat-Forum*.

A Jolt for the Doctor

DOCTOR: Did you tell that young man of yours what I thought of him?

DAUGHTER: Yes, Papa; and he said that you were wrong in your diagnosis, as usual.—*Boston Transcript*.

"SHE seems to have got over her first husband's death already."

"Maybe she has; but her second husband hasn't."

—*Karikaturen (Christiania)*.

AMERICA takes a great interest in England, says a writer. Yes, and from.

—*Ideas (London)*.



Time to Re-tire?
Buy
FISK

True but Misleading

An American officer remarked to the manager of a Paris restaurant on the window of which was written the comprehensive claim, "*Ici on parle toutes les langues*":

"You must have a great many interpreters here."

"Not one," was the reply.

"Who, then, is it that speaks all the languages?"

"The customers, monsieur."

—*Harper's*.

Overdone

He was a very keen young business man. He had written on a square of paper to be stuck outside his office door, "Out to lunch. Back in half an hour."

An afterthought struck him. He added the words, "Been out 25 minutes already."—*Tit-Bits*.

One with the Dodo

FATHER OF FAMILY (at museum): This ere is the hostrich—now extinct.

WIFE: But, dear, surely the hostrich ain't extinct?

FATHER OF FAMILY (tenaciously): Well, this one is.—*Punch*.

Terrific Responsibility

WIFE: Horace, darling, drive carefully, won't you?—remember, we have Fido with us!—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

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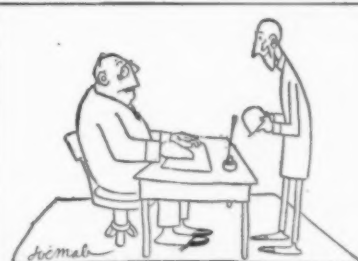
There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.



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"MR. DRINKWATER? I DON'T KNOW HIM."
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—Sans-Gêne (Paris).

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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 26)

The Ten Commandments. Paramount—Cecil B. De Mille brings the fundamental laws down to earth in a picture that combines an elaborate Biblical spectacle with a melodramatic modern story.

Lucretia Lombard. Warner—Loveless marriages and forest fires in wild disorder. **Anna Christie.** First National—A vigorous, sincere and beautifully acted interpretation of Eugene O'Neill's stalwart play.

The Call of the Canyon. Paramount—All about a wounded war hero who finds peace, physical and spiritual, in his little Zane Grey home in the West.

Our Hospitality. Metro—Buster Keaton dives deep into the old, swashbuckling South and comes back with a comedy that is roilingly funny but much too long.

The Secrets of Life. Educational—Microscopic views of insects at home in the old nest—enormously interesting.

The Virginian. Preferred—Owen Wister's high-toned "Western" made into a movie that possesses one splendid performance by Kenneth Harlan.

The Day of Faith. Goldwyn—Another attempt to duplicate the appeal of "The Miracle Man," with none of "The Miracle Man's" sincerity, straightforwardness or dramatic strength.

Tiger Rose. Warner—Lenore Ulric appears again as the stormy little French Canadian girl who outwitted the Northwest Mounted Police.

Under the Red Robe. Cosmopolitan—A great deal of money, a vast amount of splurge, considerable beauty and a few grains of drama. The costumes are gorgeous.

To the Ladies! Paramount—Just an average comedy of business life, well played and adorned with genuinely sympathetic humor.

The Temple of Venus. Fox—So bad that it's funny!

Long Live the King! Metro—Another clean knock-out for Jackie Coogan—different from the other Coogan productions in form but not in quality.

A Woman of Paris. United Artists—Charlie Chaplin, assuming temporarily the director's garb, proves to the satisfaction of every one that he is the first genius of the silent drama.

Flaming Youth. First National—Another ponderous broadside for the younger generation, just a little late and way wide of its mark.

Wild Bill Hickok. Paramount—Bill Hart returns to the screen with both barrels smoking.

The Shepherd King. Fox—A Biblical hash about David and Goliath. It is not nearly so interesting as the original book.

Ponjola. First National—The story of two wanderers in the great South African wasteland. Highly emotional and fairly dull.

Stephen Steps Out. Paramount—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., follows his father's footsteps across the screen.

The Man from Brodney's. Vitaphone—An old-fashioned thriller, somewhat more convincing than most.

The Fighting Blade. First National—Richard Barthelmess in a Cromwellian setting, with plenty of flashing romance on the side.

The Hunchback of Notre Dame. Universal—A gorgeous and vigorously acted medieval spectacle—but try to find Victor Hugo.

Unseeing Eyes. Cosmopolitan—Lionel Barrymore and an incalculable amount of snow.

For Review Next Week—"Reno," "Black Oxen," "The Great White Way," "Three Miles Out," and "Boy of Mine."

The Intruder

In a corner of the great ballroom he stood—alone and miserable. No one spoke to him; few even gave him so much as a glance, and in blank despair he stared into space. Slowly he turned in the direction of the door, but happy, jubilant throngs poured in upon him. There was no chance of escape—indeed, all hope of flight was out of the question. He must remain to the bitter end.

You see, he was the host.

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They had no affection for alarm clocks either, until Big Ben came along and woke them up. And when Gillette first took the morning murder out of shaving, the "Die Hards" were the last to cheer the safety razor.

But there's one good thing about the "Die Hards"—they can be convinced if you show them. So whenever one of their number starts to expound his theory about fountain pens, just pull out this black-tipped lacquer-red Duofold and give him a taste of the fresh inspiration that Geo. S. Parker has put into every-day writing.

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He'll catch the new idea when you tell him this Chinese lacquer-red color makes Duofold a hard pen to lose—that its size and symmetry give it a friendly feel in the hand. And he can't write his signature without admitting that Duofold's polished Iridium point (guaranteed 25 years for wear and mechanical perfection) is the smoothest thing that ever slid over paper.

He'll like the capacity of the Over-size Ink-tight Duo-sleeve Cap fits with micrometric precision so the Duofold can't leak, the chances are 10 to 1 that he'll soon head for the nearest pen counter.

After all, the Parker Duofold gives the biggest thrill to men and women whom ordinary pens can't stir. That's why good pen counters sell Parker Duofold on 30 days' approval—knowing that day by day this classic grows on everyone.

If you don't own the Duofold already, get this super-pen before the "Die Hards" beat you to it.

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